SUPERMAN
No.97
JUNE...TEN CENTS
A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION
DC
ACTION COMICS
AMAZING!
TERRIFIC!
Another ZANY SUPERMAN ADVENTURE with HOCUS AND POCUS,

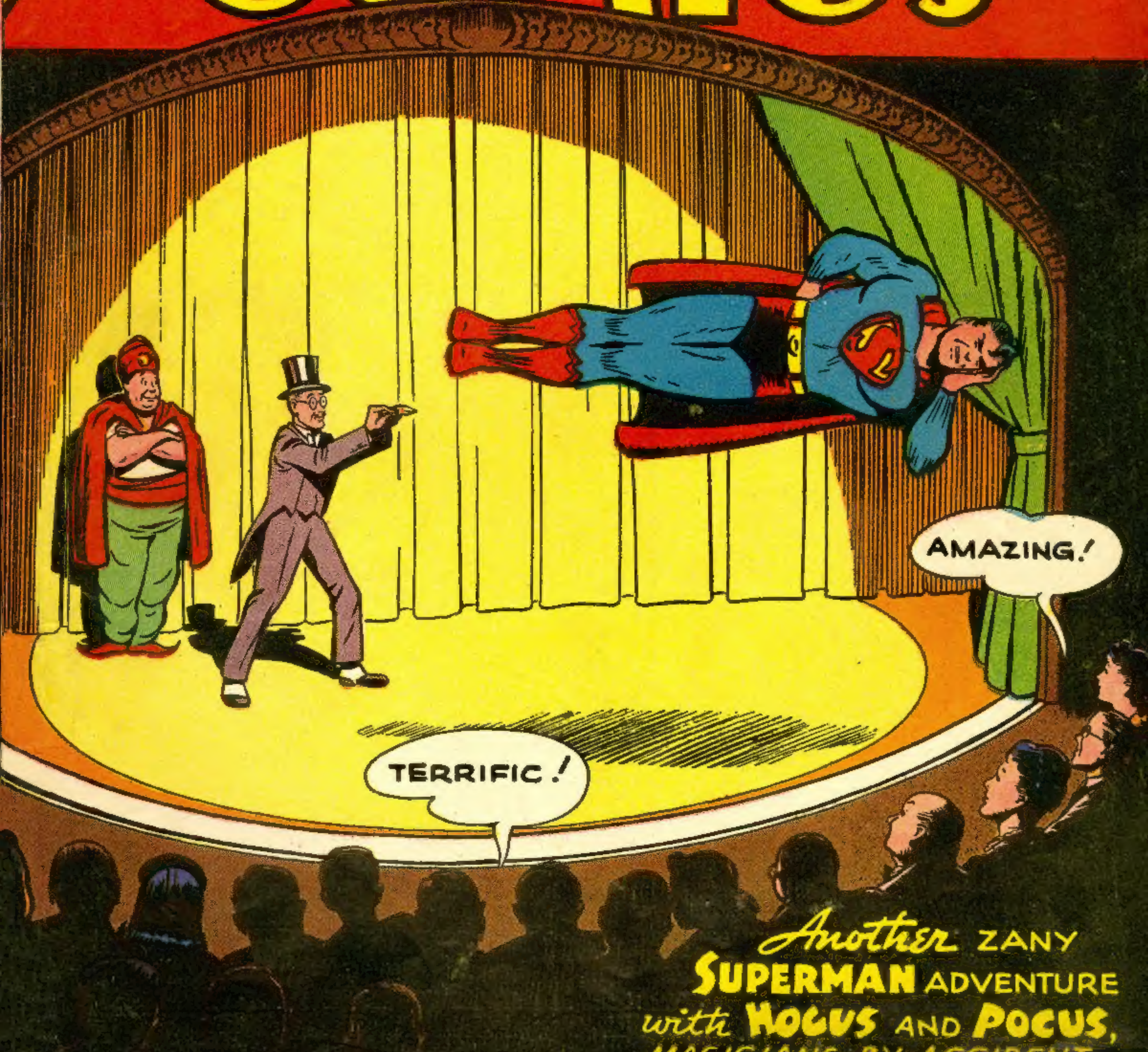
SUPERMAN

No.97 JUNE...TEN CENTS

A SUPERMAN PUBLICATION DC INC.

ACTION COMICS

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



Another ZANY SUPERMAN ADVENTURE with HOCUS AND POCUS, MAGICIANS BY ACCIDENT

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H is for HIPPOPOTAMUS,
AND WHEN HE FINISHES HIS SWALLOW,
HE'LL TELL YOU BOOKS THAT BEAR THIS SIGN
HAVE THE OTHERS BEAT ALL HOLLOW!

A SUPERMAN DC PUBLICATION

— ON THE COVER OF **STAR-SPANGLED COMICS** FOR EXAMPLE! IT'S YOUR GUARANTEE OF THE **BEST** IN **ANY** COMIC MAGAZINE!

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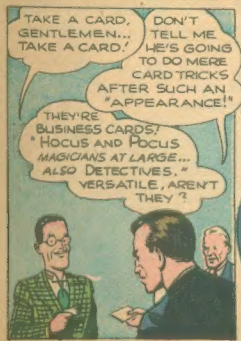
Printed in U.S.A.

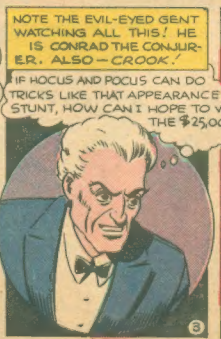
SUPERMAN
JERRY SIEGEL AND JOE SHUSTER
AMAZING!
STUPENDOUS!
TERRIFIC!
THEY'RE BACK AGAIN—DOC AND FLANNELHEAD, THOSE TWO MAGICIANS BY ACCIDENT. YOU KNOW HOW DOC'S CONFIDENCE IN HIS MAGICAL POWERS IS SECRETLY KEPT GOING BY SUPERMAN! WELL, THIS TIME HE AND FLANNELHEAD MEET UP WITH SOME REAL MAGICIANS, AND AGAINST THAT KIND OF COMPETITION SOMETHING MORE THAN HOCUS-POCUS IS NEEDED! YES, IT'S A JOB—A BIG JOB—FOR SUPERMAN AT... "The Magician's Convention!"

AT THE DAILY PLANET OFFICE, CLARK KENT RECEIVES HIS ASSIGNMENT FROM EDITOR WHITE...
I'M GOING TO LET YOU COVER THE MAGICIAN'S CONVENTION, CLARK! EVERY NEWSPAPER IN TOWN WILL BE REPRESENTED, SO IT'S UP TO YOU TO BRING BACK THE BEST NEWS STORY!
RIGHT!
("SPEAKING OF MAGICIANS, I WONDER IF DOC AND FLANNELHEAD ARE PLANNING TO ATTEND THE CONVENTION! I'D BETTER CHECK ON THEM...")
AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE AFOREMENTIONED DOC AND FLANNELHEAD...
HOCUS and POCUS MAGICIANS AT LARGE ALSO DETECTIVES
NO, MOITON, NOT YET! YOUSE HAS GOTTA KEEP SUBMOIGED TILL I DIS-CLOSE THE MAGICAL WOIDS!
DOC, WOT AM I GONNA DO WIT' MOITON? HE'S ALWAYS DISREMEMBERIN' HIS CUES!
LISTEN, FLANNEL-HEAD! "MAGICIAN'S CONVENTION TO OPEN IN METROPOLIS TODAY. CONJURERS FROM ALL PARTS WILL COMPETE..."
"...IN A CONTEST FOR THE TRICK WHICH WILL STUMP OTHER MAGICIANS. THE WINNER WILL RECEIVE THE GRAND PRIZE OF $25,000."
TWEN'Y-FIVE GRAND?!! C'MON, DOC, LEAVE US VACATE TO DE CONVENTION!
EVER SINCE I'VE HELPED THOSE TWO EX-STREET SALESMEN OF MAGIC BOOKS INTO THINKING THEY WERE REAL MAGICIANS, THEY'VE MADE MY LIFE VERY COM-PLICATED...
OKAY, DOC...ORATE DE MAGICAL WOIDS!
("—OH-OH! I MUST BE PSYCHIC! HERE WE GO AGAIN!—")
ABRACADABRA... ALACAZAM... HOCUS-POCUS... WE WISH TO BE TRANSPORTED TO THE CONVENTION HOTEL LOBBY AT ONCE!
2

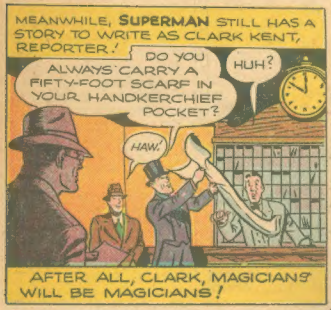
EXPLANATION!

THE REASON DOC AND FLANNELHEAD CANNOT SEE **SUPERMAN** IS BECAUSE **SUPERMAN** EMPLOYS TWO SPEEDS! SPEEDING FORWARD, HE ALSO MOVES HIS BODY LEFT AND RIGHT, SO FAST THAT THE HUMAN EYE CANNOT SEE HIS WEAVING MOTION! HOWEVER, FOR THE READER'S BENEFIT WE WILL SHOW **SUPERMAN'S** HAZY FIGURE SO YOU MAY WATCH THE TRICKS HE PERFORMS.


TAKE A CARD, GENTLEMEN... TAKE A CARD!
DON'T TELL ME HE'S GOING TO DO MERE CARD TRICKS AFTER SUCH AN "APPEARANCE!"
THEY'RE BUSINESS CARDS! "HOCUS AND POCUS MAGICIANS AT LARGE... ALSO DETECTIVES." VERSATILE, AREN'T THEY?


NOTE THE EVIL-EYED GENT WATCHING ALL THIS! HE IS CONRAD THE CONJURER. ALSO — CROOK!
IF HOCUS AND POCUS CAN DO TRICKS LIKE THAT APPEARANCE STUNT, HOW CAN I HOPE TO WIN THE $25,000?
3

AND NOTE THIS GENTLEMAN — GREGOR THE GREAT...
THEY'RE DETECTIVES... I WONDER IF THEY CAN HELP ME?..?
YOU SEE... COMPLICATIONS ARE SETTING IN ALREADY!

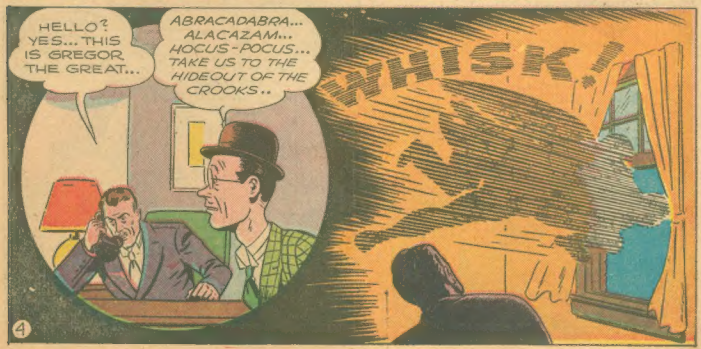

MEANWHILE, SUPERMAN STILL HAS A STORY TO WRITE AS CLARK KENT, REPORTER!
DO YOU ALWAYS CARRY A FIFTY-FOOT SCARF IN YOUR HANDKERCHIEF POCKET?
HUH?
HAW!
AFTER ALL, CLARK, MAGICIANS WILL BE MAGICIANS!

HMM! I DON'T THINK THAT DUCK WAS ROASTED LONG ENOUGH!
B-B-BUT...
HA! HA!

MAY I SEE YOU TWO GENTLEMEN A MOMENT... ON DETECTIVE BUSINESS?
OF COURSE! ALWAYS GLAD TO WELCOME A CLIENT!
SOMETHING TELLS ME I'D BETTER LEND AN EAR TO THIS!

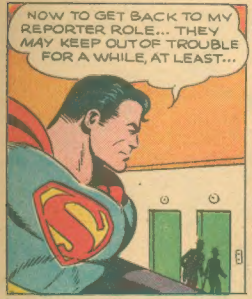
YOU SAY SOMEONE STOLE THE PLANS FOR THE MAGICAL TRICK YOU ARE GOING TO PERFORM IN THE CONTEST?
YES... AND I JUST RECEIVED THIS NOTE SAYING IF I DON'T BUY BACK MY PLANS FOR $10,000, THE CROOK WILL SEND THE PLANS TO ALL MAGICIANS HERE...

THERE GOES THE TELEPHONE... THE CROOKS PROMISED TO CALL! WHAT SHALL I DO?
PRETEND TO AGREE TO THEIR DEMANDS! WE'LL ATTEND TO THE REST!
RING! RING!


HELLO? YES... THIS IS GREGOR THE GREAT...
ABRACADABRA... ALACAZAM... HOCUS-POCUS... TAKE US TO THE HIDEOUT OF THE CROOKS..
WHISK!
4

EVEN AS GREGOR SPEAKS, SUPERMAN'S HYPER-KEEN HEARING IS TRACKING THE CALL TO ITS DESTINATION!
YEAH... I GOT THE PLANS IN A ENVELOPE... I AIN'T READ 'EM YET, SO YOU HAND OVER THE TEN GRAND AN'...
HUH?!?
OOF! CAN'T YOUSE FIX IT SO WE LAND ON OUR FEET?
HE'RE WE ARE!
I WANT THE PLANS THAT BELONG TO GREGOR THE GREAT! WE ARE HOCUS AND POCUS, DETECTIVES!
OH, YEAH?
ABRACADABRA... ALACAZAM... HOCUS-POCUS... GUNS BE RENDERED USELESS!
HEY!
ULP!
LOOK AT 'EM!
I FORGOT TO TELL YOU I'M ALSO A MAGICIAN! ABRACADABRA... ALACAZAM... HOCUS-POCUS... DOOR WILL FIGHT BACK!
GET IN LINE!
LEMME OUTA HERE!

OOF!
OW!
BUT SINCE THE ROOM IS ONLY ON THE FIRST FLOOR...
DOC! DEY'RE ELUDIN' DE PREMISES!
...AGAZAM..HOCUS-POCUS... LET THEIR FEET BE ROOTED TO THE GROUND AND LET THE SIDEWALK COME UP AND HIT THEM!
JOE! I CAN'T MOVE!
ME, TOO! I'M PARALYZED!
("-WHY SHOULD I BOTHER RIPPING UP THE SIDEWALK! THEY'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT HIT THEM ANYWAY!-")
SOCK!
LATER... AFTER THE THUGS HAVE BEEN JAILED...
VERY SATISFACTORY! GREGOR WILL BE VERY PLEASED TO RECEIVE HIS PLANS BACK!
DOC, SOME DAY METROPOLIS IS GONNA ERECT A EMOLUMENT TO YOUSE!
AGAIN?
HOW DO THEY DO IT?
OOF! DERE MUST BE AN EASIER WAY TO PERFORM DIS!


NOW TO GET BACK TO MY REPORTER ROLE... THEY MAY KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE FOR A WHILE, AT LEAST...

OH, YEAH?!
OOF!
GREGOR'S ROOM IS THIS WA...
OOOH!

("–OHDEARME! WE'VE BEEN KIDNAPED! THE WORSTOF IT IS, I'M GAGGED. I CAN'T SPEAK THE MAGIC WORDS! DEAROHDEAR!–")
("–MOITON! WOT HAS TRANSPIRED WID MOITON?–")

FIVE THOUSAND AIN'T BAD FER GETTIN' RID O' TWO CHUMPS!
WE'RE THE CHUMPS! CONRAD THE CONJURER GETS A CHANCE AT $25,000 WITH THESE TWO GUYS OUTA THE WAY! G'WAN, EAT YER RABBIT STEW!

("–R-RABBIT STEW! (SOB) OH, MOITON!–")

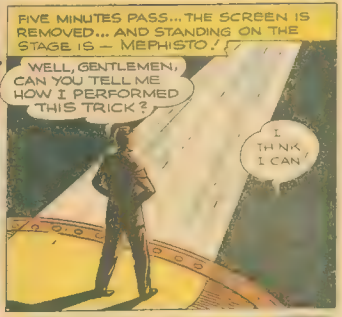
MEANTIME... CLARK SOON LEARNS ALL IS NOT WELL...
HAVE YOU SEEN HOCUS OR POCUS?
("– GREGOR HASN'T SEEN DOC OR FLANNEL-HEAD? SOMETHING'S WRONG! I'LL HAVE A LOOK AROUND...")
NO! WHY? DID THEY-PULL A DISAPPEARING ACT ON YOU? HA! HA!
7

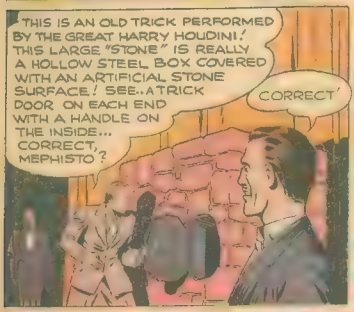
AND SO IT IS THAT SUPERMAN DISCOVERS — MOITON!
WHAT'S WRONG, MOITON? WHERE ARE DOC AND FLANNEL-HEAD? SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE LAUNDRY CHUTE? WELL, NO HARM IN FINDING OUT...
LAUNDRY CHUTE
SQUEAK! SQUEAK!

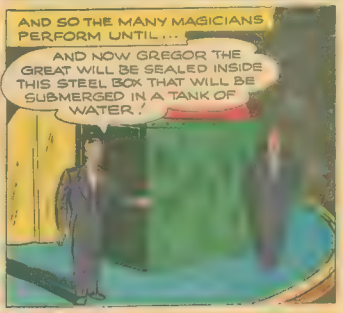
SQUEAK!
HERE WE GO, MOITON!
LOOK, SIGGY
RIGHT... I'VE COME DOWN TO DO A LITTLE CLEANING UP!
(GULP) SUPERMAN!
I BELIEVE I'LL START WITH YOU!
OOPS! YOU SLIPPED, DIDN'T YOU?
OOH!
I THINK THIS IS ONE TIME I CAN SAY— DRY UP!
THANK YOU, SUPERMAN... BUT ONCE THEY HAD REMOVED MY GAG, I COULD HAVE HANDLED THE SITUATION...
OH, YES... THE MAGICAL WORDS...
LEMME OFF! I'LL BE GOOD!

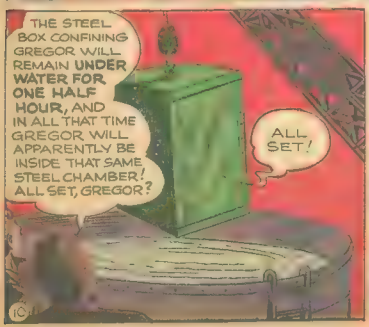
GREGOR HE GREAT'S PLANS ARE IN THIS ENVELOPE!
(THRU MY X-RAY EYES I MAKE IT QUITE EASY FOR ME TO READ THE PLANS EVEN THOUGH THE ENVELOPE IS CLOSED! HMM-M!)
INTERESTING... VE-ES... VERY!)
MOITON ME HEART POPULATES WID GUSTS O' JOY ON VIEWIN' YOUSE AGAIN
LATER... IN THE HOTEL LOBBY...
THERE'S CONRAD THE CONJURER! STOP! STOP!
HOCUS AND POCUS! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR ME!
THE MERRY-GO-ROUND GOES ROUND...
OOOH!
... AND YOU COME OUT HERE!
DOC AND FLANNELHEAD DELIVER THE PRECIOUS ENVELOPE TO GREGOR...
I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH OF COURSE, YOU REALIZE THAT BY RETURNING MY MAGIC PLANS YOU MAY LOSE YOUR CHANCE AT WINNING $25,000
OUR CLIENTS COME BEFORE PERSONAL GAIN! HOCUS AND POCUS, DETECTIVES, ALWAYS DELIVER
AND THE EXCITED MAGICIANS CONVENE FOR THE LONG AWAITED CONTEST IN MAGIC...
IN THIS TRICK, MAGICIAN MEPHISTO WILL BE WALLED INSIDE A ROOM OF STONE... THE CURTAIN WILL BE DRAWN.. AND MEPHISTO WILL ATTEMPT TO WALK THROUGH THIS STONE CHAMBER!

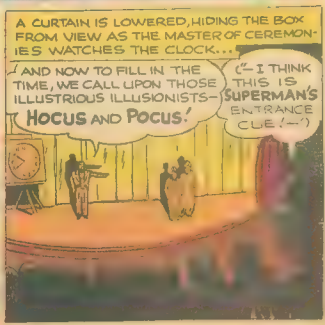
NOW THE SCREEN... AND NOW IT IS UP TO MEPHISTO TO WALK THROUGH A STONE WALL! CAN HE DO IT?
HE'D BETTER DO IT! THE AIR CAN'T LAST LONG INSIDE THAT CHAMBER!


FIVE MINUTES PASS... THE SCREEN IS REMOVED... AND STANDING ON THE STAGE IS — MEPHISTO!
WELL, GENTLEMEN, CAN YOU TELL ME HOW I PERFORMED THIS TRICK?
I THINK I CAN


THIS IS AN OLD TRICK PERFORMED BY THE GREAT HARRY HOUDINI! THIS LARGE "STONE" IS REALLY A HOLLOW STEEL BOX COVERED WITH AN ARTIFICIAL STONE SURFACE! SEE.. A TRICK DOOR ON EACH END WITH A HANDLE ON THE INSIDE... CORRECT, MEPHISTO?
CORRECT!


AND SO THE MANY MAGICIANS PERFORM UNTIL...
AND NOW GREGOR THE GREAT WILL BE SEALED INSIDE THIS STEEL BOX THAT WILL BE SUBMERGED IN A TANK OF WATER!


THE STEEL BOX CONFINING GREGOR WILL REMAIN UNDER WATER FOR ONE HALF HOUR, AND IN ALL THAT TIME GREGOR WILL APPARENTLY BE INSIDE THAT SAME STEEL CHAMBER! ALL SET, GREGOR?
ALL SET!

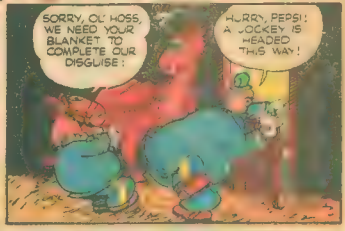

A CURTAIN IS LOWERED, HIDING THE BOX FROM VIEW AS THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES WATCHES THE CLOCK...
AND NOW TO FILL IN THE TIME, WE CALL UPON THOSE ILLUSTRIOUS ILLUSIONISTS— HOCUS AND POCUS!
(— I THINK THIS IS SUPERMAN'S ENTRANCE CUE!—)

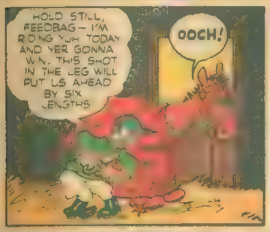
ABRACADABRA... ALACAZAM... HOCUS-POCUS... MAKE A BUS APPEAR!
("MY MASTER'S VOICE!")
WHIZ!
GULP! I MUST HAVE TAKEN A DETOUR!
GREAT SCOTT!
HE DID IT
AND SO IN SWIFT SUCCESSION, SUPERMAN PERFORMS THE "MAGIC" FEATS OF HIS PROTEGES...
GENTLEMEN, I THANK YOU FOR MY LAST TRICK I WILL...
TEN MINUTES GONE! TIME FOR A LITTLE VENTRILOQUISM...
BRAVO
MORE MORE
...EXPOSE A THIEF AMONG US!
("OHDEARME! DID I SAY THAT!—")
NOW SUPERMAN FLASHES TO THE PRIVATE ROOM WHERE THE HOTEL SAFE IS LODGED...
("I'M NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!—")
ULP!

LOOK! THE HOTEL SAFE... OPEN! IT'S GREGOR!
REGOR ROBBING THE HOTEL SAFE!
GREGOR! WAS YOUR ACT JUST A COVER-UP SO YOU COULD SNEAK OUT AND ROB THE HOTEL SAFE WHILE WE WERE TIMING YOUR ACT?
SURE... MY TRICK WATER COFFIN HAS REMOVABLE HASPS SO I COULD GET OUT AND USE THE HALF HOUR TO ROB THE SAFE ... AND HAVE A PERFECT ALIBI ... SO EVEN IF I DIDN'T WIN THE PRIZE, I'D STILL HAVE THE SAFE LOOT! BUT THAT HOCUS GUY KNEW MY PLANS ME... I WISH I KNEW HOW.
I THINK WE'RE ALL UNANIMOUS AS TO WHO ARE THE WINNERS... HOCUS AND POCUS!
WHAT'RE THEY GOING TO DO WITH THE $25,000?
WELL... I BELIEVE WE'LL GIVE THE GREATEST PART OF IT TO THE HOME FOR AGED MAGICIANS!
YOU'RE A GREAT GUY, DOC!
SHAKE!
OHDEARME! WE'LL BE TRAMPLED ABRACADABRA.. ALACAZAM... HOCUS-POCUS... RETURN US TO OUR OFFICE!
HERE WE GO AGAIN
HA! FOOLED YA DAT TIME! ME TO.BAN WAS A SHOCK ABSORBENT!
BY DE WAY, DOC... HOW DID YOUSE EVER DEDUCT DAT GREGOR WAS A CROOK? I JUS' CAN'T FIGGER HOW YOUSE WOIKED IT...
(— I WISH I KNEW THAT MYSELF! DEAROH-DEAR!—)
ME Siegel

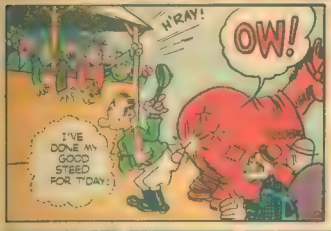
Advertisement

"PEPSI" THE PEPSI-COLA COP



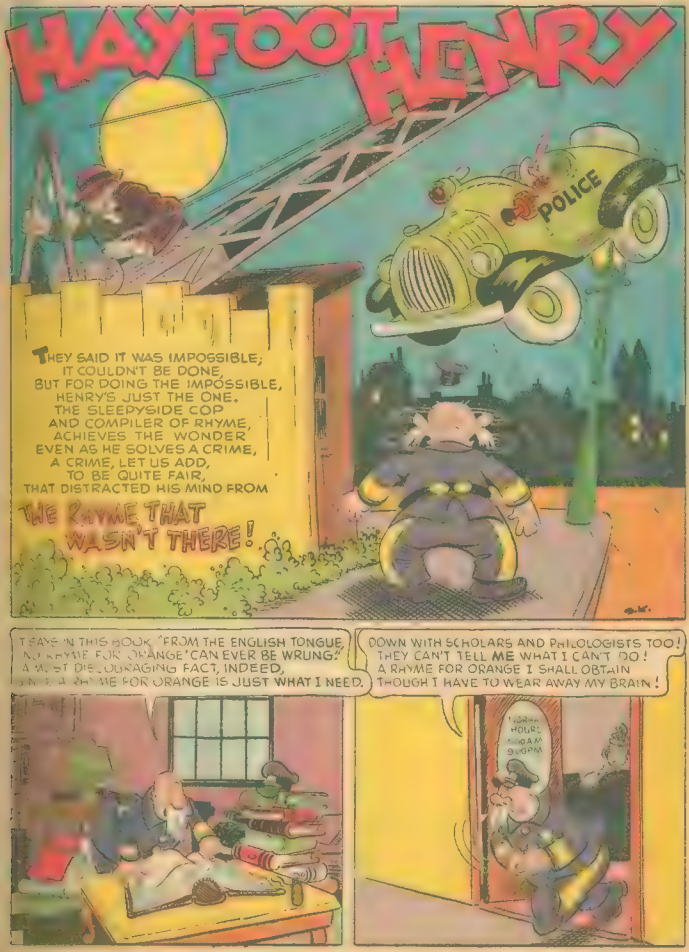


ZOWIE! YOU'RE DOIN' NINETY, PEPS! I SHOULD HAVE BORROWED TWO BUCKS TO BET ON US!
I TRAVELED FOUR MILES ONE ON THE TRACK AN' THREE UP-AN DOWN.
FEEDBAG WINS!

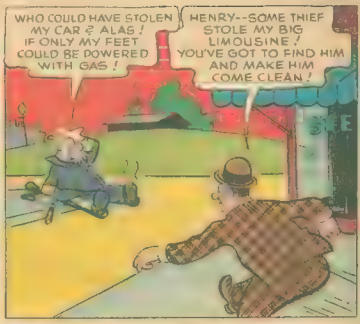


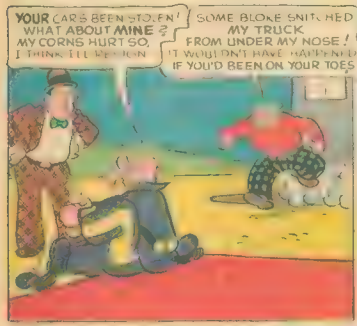
HERE GOES ANOTHER RECORD!
WHERE'S THE REST OF THE PARADE?
NUMBER ONE IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE HIT PARADE, OTT HAS WALLOPED 310 HOMERS (210 MORE THAN THE SECOND HIGH MAN). HE HAS HIT TWO HOMERS IN A SINGLE GAME 49 TIMES
OTT HOLDS SIX MAJOR NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIPS EVERY TIME HE HITS A HOMER, SCORES OR DRIVES IN A RUN, DRAWS A WALK, OR HITS FOR AN EXTRA BASE -- HE SENDS A LEAGUE RECORD ZOOMING
HE EVEN GETS A HIT AT BREAKFAST!
Mel OTT
"THE DISH I TAKE FOR STARTING MY BREAKFAST IS THAT GOOD OLD FAVORITE, WHEATIES--'BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS'," SAYS CHAMPION MEL OTT. "WHEATIES WITH PLENTY OF MILK AND FRUIT REALLY HIT THE SPOT." A SWELL TRAINING DISH TOO! GOOD WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES--WHEATIES, LOADED WITH THE KIND OF CHAMPION NOURISHMENT YOU CAN USE PLENTY OF
CHAMPION RECORD BREAKER OF THE NATIONAL LEAGUE IS THE OUTFIELDER-MANAGER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS
HERE'S HOW!
WHEATIES
Breakfast of Champions
CHAMPIONS
YOU CAN LEARN ABOUT THE BATTING FORM OF BIG LEAGUE HITTERS (LIKE MEL OTT) IN "WANT TO BE A BASEBALL CHAMPION?"--ONE OF 14 BOOKS IN WHEATIES FAMOUS LIBRARY OF SPORTS. SEE BACK OF YOUR WHEATIES PACKAGE FOR INFORMATION ON HOW TO GET YOUR BOOKS

HAYFOOT HENRY


POLICE
THEY SAID IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE;
IT COULDN'T BE DONE,
BUT FOR DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE,
HENRY'S JUST THE ONE.
THE SLEEPYSIDE COP
AND COMPILER OF RHYME,
ACHIEVES THE WONDER
EVEN AS HE SOLVES A CRIME,
A CRIME, LET US ADD,
TO BE QUITE FAIR,
THAT DISTRACTED HIS MIND FROM
THE RHYME THAT WASN'T THERE!
T SAYS IN THIS BOOK, "FROM THE ENGLISH TONGUE,
NO RHYME FOR ORANGE CAN EVER BE WRUNG."
A MOST DISCOURAGING FACT, INDEED,
BUT A RHYME FOR ORANGE IS JUST WHAT I NEED.
DOWN WITH SCHOLARS AND PHILOLOGISTS TOO!
THEY CAN'T TELL ME WHAT I CAN'T DO!
A RHYME FOR ORANGE I SHALL OBTAIN
THOUGH I HAVE TO WEAR AWAY MY BRAIN!
OPEN
HOURS
9:00AM
9:00PM

WHAT'S THIS ? MY POLICE CAR ! CAN IT BE GONE ? WITH MY VEHICLE STOLEN I CAN'T CARRY ON. MY CORNS ARE SO PAINFUL THAT WALKING IS CRUEL. OH, FOR A HORSE--OR EVEN A MULE !


WHO COULD HAVE STOLEN MY CAR ? ALAS ! IF ONLY MY FEET COULD BE POWERED WITH GAS !
HENRY--SOME THIEF STOLE MY BIG LIMOUSINE ! YOU'VE GOT TO FIND HIM AND MAKE HIM COME CLEAN !

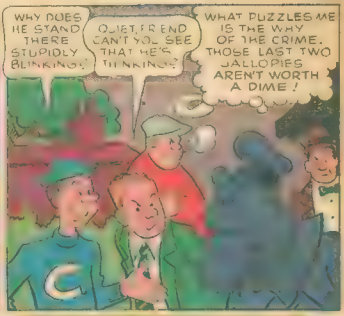

YOUR CAR'S BEEN STOLEN ! WHAT ABOUT MINE ? MY CORNS HURT SO, I THINK I'LL RESIGN.
SOME BLOKE SNITCHED MY TRUCK FROM UNDER MY NOSE ! IT WOULDN'T HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU'D BEEN ON YOUR TOES !

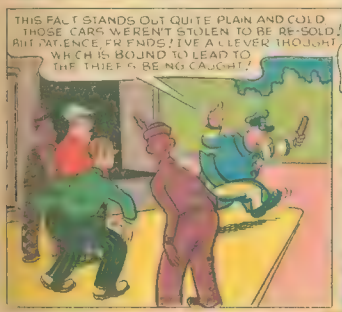
SPEAKING OF TOES - - JUST LOOK AT THAT CORN !
SOME COP YOU ARE, IF YOU'LL PARDON MY SCORN !
YEAH WHO WANTS EXCUSES FOR A CAR THIEF'S ABUSES ?

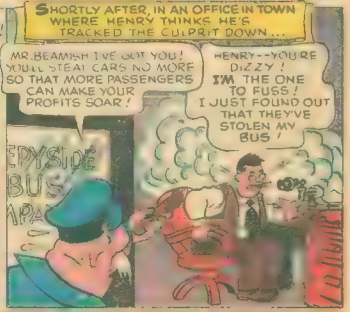
THOUGH MY FEET MAY HURT AND MY CORNS BE TAKEN I SHOULDN'T BE STANDING AND BELLYACHIN', BUT A RHYME FOR "ORANGE" WOULD GIVE ME HEART TO PURSUE THIS THIEF AND TAKE HIM APART !
2.

RHYMES WON'T HELP YOU FIND THE MAN WHO RAN AWAY WITH MY MOVING VAN !

MY AUTO'S MISSING — HELLO POLICE!
AND MINE'S STOLEN TOO! THESE CRIMES MUST CEASE
DEAR ME--IT'S SPREAD FROM DOOR TO DOOR! NO CAR IS SAFE IN THIS TOWN ANYMORE!


WHY DOES HE STAND THERE STUPIDLY BLINKING?
QUIET, FRIEND CAN'T YOU SEE THAT HE'S THINKING?
WHAT PUZZLES ME IS THE WHY OF THE CRIME. THOSE LAST TWO JALLOPIES AREN'T WORTH A DIME!

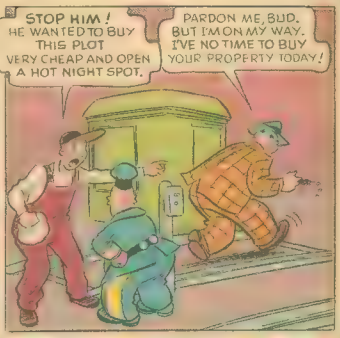

THIS FACT STANDS OUT QUITE PLAIN AND COLD. THOSE CARS WEREN'T STOLEN TO BE RE-SOLD! BUT PATIENCE, FRIENDS! I'VE A CLEVER THOUGHT WHICH IS BOUND TO LEAD TO THE THIEF'S BE NG CAUGHT!


SHORTLY AFTER, IN AN OFFICE IN TOWN WHERE HENRY THINKS HE'S TRACKED THE CULPRIT DOWN...
MR. BEAMISH I'VE GOT YOU! YOU'LL STEAL CARS NO MORE SO THAT MORE PASSENGERS CAN MAKE YOUR PROFITS SOAR!
HENRY--YOU'RE DIZZY! I'M THE ONE TO FUSS! I JUST FOUND OUT THAT THEY'VE STOLEN MY BUS!

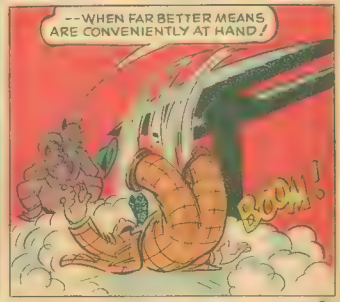
WHAT? YOU TOO? ALAS - OH, DEAR! I'LL NEVER SOLVE THIS CASE, I FEAR.

TO THE LOCAL GAS STATION GOES HENRY, THE COP, WITH A NEW THOUGHT STIRRING BENEATH HIS BALD TOP.
DID ONE OF THOSE STOLEN CARS MAYBE PASS, AND STOP AT YOUR PLACE TO FILL UP WITH GAS?
NARY A ONE--ALAS - SIGH - CHOKE! IF THIS KEEPS UP, I'LL SURELY GO BROKE.

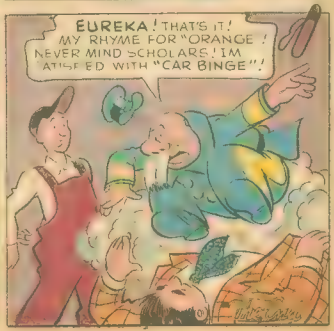
I CAN'T SELL GAS WITH NO CARS AROUND SO I MAY AS WELL SELL THIS WHOLE PLOT OF GROUND!
SO THAT'S WHY THE THIEF STOLE THE JALLOPIES TOO! THEY USE GAS AND OIL MORE THAN OTHER CARS DO! THE MOTIVE EMERGES, THOUGH DEVIOUS AND DEEP! I SEE A PLOT TO BUY THIS GROUND CHEAP!


STOP HIM! HE WANTED TO BUY THIS PLOT VERY CHEAP AND OPEN A HOT NIGHT SPOT.
PARDON ME, BUD. BUT I'M ON MY WAY. I'VE NO TIME TO BUY YOUR PROPERTY TODAY!

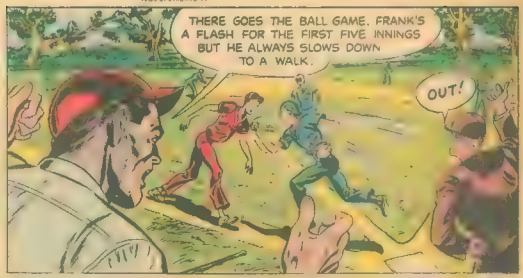
THERE'S NO NEED TO CHASE HIM, I'LL HAVE YOU UNDERSTAND--


--WHEN FAR BETTER MEANS ARE CONVENIENTLY AT HAND!
BOOM!

NOW IF ONLY I HAD A GOOD RHYME FOR "ORANGE"--
NOW I REGRET MY FOOLISH STOLEN CAR BINGE!


EUREKA! THAT'S IT! MY RHYME FOR "ORANGE"! NEVER MIND SCHOLARS! I'M SATISFIED WITH "CAR BINGE"!

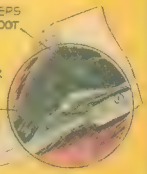
5-INNING FLASH FINDS HIMSELF



"P-F"?... WHAT'S THAT?
"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION IT'S A BUILT-IN FEATURE THAT KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FEET IN THEIR NATURAL NORMAL POSITION, GUARDS AGAINST TIRED LEG MUSCLES.

HERE'S WHY "P-F" GIVES YOU MORE

1. THIS RIGID WEDGE KEEPS THE BONES OF THE FOOT IN THEIR NATURAL, NORMAL POSITION
2. THIS SPONGE RUBBER PROTECTS THE SENSITIVE AREA OF THE FOOT



"P-F" MEANS POSTURE FOUNDATION--A PATENTED FEATURE FOUND ONLY IN CANVAS SHOES MADE BY

B.F. Goodrich or **HOOD RUBBER COMPANY**

VIGILANTE
HUMAN BEINGS CAN BE SINISTER ENOUGH WHEN THEY TURN AGAINST THE LAW, BUT WHEN THEY ENLIST FOUR-FOOTED KILLERS IN THEIR EVIL UNDERTAKINGS, THE UNDERWORLD'S WAR AGAINST SOCIETY TAKES ON ADDED GRIMNESS.! AND WHEN STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID, BECOMES A HELPLESS TOOL IN THE HANDS OF RUTHLESS MOBSTERS, HIS POWERFUL PARDNER, THE VIGILANTE, MUST RIDE A TRAIL OF TERROR TO CORRAL THE HEARTLESS HENCHMEN, DUMB AND OTHERWISE, OF... "The Animal Master!"
MORT MESKIN

GREG SANDERS LENDS HIS FAMOUS VOCAL CHORDS TO THE CAUSE OF CHARITY AT A BENEFIT HELD UNDER THE AUSPICES OF HIGH SOCIETY...
ISN'T HE ROMANTIC?
RIDIN' DOWN THE SUNSET TRAIL ALONE...
PRAIRIE
BAH!
AND AMONG HIS MANY ADMIRERS, NONE IS MORE ARDENT THAN STUFF, THE CHINATOWN KID...
BRAVO!
HE SHOULD BE IN GRAND OPERA!
THE THEATRE THOUSANDS
FANGER'S JUNGLE GENIUSES
I'LL APPLAUD GREG IN PERSON, BACKSTAGE!
THAT'S FANGER GREG. AND THEY SAY HE HYPNOTIZES THOSE MAN-EATERS.
I HOPE THAT LEOPARD'S HYPNO-TIZED, PARDNER! KITTY LOOKS DANGEROUS.
THE NEXT MOMENT...
STOP, SLASHER! BACK IN YOUR CAGE!
HELP!
THE LEOPARD'S LOOSE!
QUICK. STUFF GET THE VIGILANTE'S GUNS AND ROPE FROM THAT BAG INSIDE!
LEAPIN' LEOPARDS!
LET ME OUT!
POLICE!

NICE KITTY! STICK YOUR FEET IN THE LOOP!
THIS IS THE WAY WE USED TO DO IT IN GILA GULCH!
I CAN MANAGE HIM NOW, VIGILANTE! THANKS.
MEANWHILE, STUFF DEALS WITH OTHER INTERESTING MATTERS...
OH, OH—A POCKET RUSTLER ON A RAID!
NAUGHTY, NAUGHTY!
HUH—?
WHAT—? MY NECKLACE!
HERE IT IS, LADY! ME PAL AN' ME SEEN DA BRAT ROBBIN' HONEST FOLKS, SO WE GRABBED HIM!
GOT DA LITTLE CROOK!
WHY, YOU YOUNG JESSE JAMES!
POLICE!
WE'LL HUNT UP A COP, LADY!
WHO—WHO HIT ME?

MEANWHILE...
YOU ARE UNDER MY POWER, SLASHER! YOU ARE A FAT, HAPPY TABBY!
RRRR
POLICE!
NOW WHAT?
THIS BOY IS A THIEF! HE STOLE MY WALLET AND THIS LADY'S NECKLACE!
WHAT?
WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?
I'M SURE THERE'S SOME MISTAKE, OFFICER! THIS IS STUFF, A FRIEND OF THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR AND MY WORKING PARDNER!
VIGILANTE!
SO THIS IS THE CHINATOWN KID.
THEY SLUGGED ME AND GOT AWAY.
I'M SO SORRY! BUT THOSE MEN SAID-
SKIP IT. ONCE IN A GREAT WHILE I'M WRONG MYSELF.
DO YOU RECKON IT WAS PLANNED THAT WAY, P.T.? TURNIN' THE LEOPARD LOOSE, I MEAN, TO GIVE THOSE CROOKS A CHANCE AT THAT GOLD-PLATED CROWD?
MAYBE, BUT HOW CAN WE PROVE IT?
PICKPOCKETS ARE ALWAYS MIXING WITH CROWDS WHERE THERE'S MONEY AROUND. PROBABLY IT WAS JUST A COINCIDENCE!
I SUPPOSE! HERE'S HOPIN' I MEET UP WITH THE GUY THAT SOCKED ME BEFORE I GET TOO OLD TO GET EVEN.
BUT IN A HOUSE NEARBY...
WE'D GOT PLENTY MORE IF THAT KID HADN'T BUTTED IN!
YEAH-WE WAS JUST GETTIN' WARMED UP.
WONDER IF THE VIGILANTE SUSPECTED ANYTHING?
4

LATER, AS THE CHINATOWN KID INDULGES IN SOME HIGH-TENSION LITERATURE BEFORE RETIRING IN THE HOME OF HIS GRAND-FATHER, MI TU SING ...
GOLLY, THIS IS SCARY! "SILENT AS A NIGHTMARE, THE MONSTROUS SHADOW STOLE UPON THE UNSUSPECTING YOUTH!"
SPEAKIN' OF NIGHTMARES, I BETTER QUIT READIN' OR— OOOOHHH!
GALLOPIN' GOPHERS— A MONK.' AN I THOUGHT IT WAS A TYRANNOSAURUS, AT LEAST.'
ICK?
OH, OH.' THAT VASE IS FROM GRAMP'S ART SHOP, AN' IT'S WORTH PLENTY.'
ICK.' ICK.'
NO USE RUNNIN'! I ALWAYS GET MY MAN.
ICK.' ICK.' ICK.'
HEY- STOP IT.' YOU'RE MAKIN' A MONKEY OUT OF ME.
IGRK! IGK!
AND BELOW, IN A SHADOWED DOORWAY...
AH, HERE YOU ARE, JITTERS, WITH A RARE MING VASE.' BUT WHO'S THAT FOLLOWING YOU?
SO HELP ME, IT'S DA SAME BRAT.'
HERE'S WHERE I SOCK HIM SO HE'LL STAY SOCKED!
5

LEMME AT HIM.!
NO, DIPPY! MY METHOD, PLEASE.
HUH?... YOU GUYS!
LOOK ME IN THE EYE! YOU ARE IN MY POWER! YOU HAVE NO WILL OF YOUR OWN... NO WILL!... YOU ARE A MONKEY- A PLAYFUL LITTLE MONKEY.!
A MONKEY? ME?... DOGGONED IF I DON'T FEEL LIKE ONE, AT THAT! ...ICK! ICK!
HAW, HAW! YA'RE A GENIUS, FANGER!
HE'LL COME IN HANDY.! I WON'T HAVE TO TRAIN HIM, AS I DID JITTERS- BUT JUST GIVE HIM ORDERS!
ICK!
FANGER'S HEAD-QUARTERS...
I'VE BROUGHT YOU A NEW PLAYMATE, BOSCO!
ICK-ICK-ICK-ICK!
ICK.
LOOK, DEY'RE PALS! WHAT'S NEXT, BOSS?
WELL, THE KID IS A PAL OF GREG SANDERS, IT SEEMS, AND THERE OUGHT TO BE A LOT OF STUFF WORTH STEALING IN SANDERS' APARTMENT...
ICK.
ICK-ICK!
SO IT IS THAT, AN HOUR PAST MIDNIGHT, GREG'S SLEEP IS DISTURBED!
A NOISE IN THE FRONT ROOM! WHAT COULD BE MOVING AROUND IN THERE?
STUFF! IS IT REALLY YOU, OR AM I STILL ASLEEP?
ICK, ICK!
6

BEIN' A MONKEY, I WOULDN'T KNOW! ICK, ICK!
WAIT!
SWIVELING SIDEWINDERS, HE ACTUALLY DOES SEEM TO THINK HE'S A MONKEY!

THIS IS THE DIZZIEST THING I'VE RUN INTO YET- BUT THE VIG WILL STRAIGHTEN IT OUT IF IT TAKES FROM NOW ON!

WE AREN'T AFRAID OF THAT IMITATION COWBOY!
ANYHOW, KID, YA GOT A BANKROLL THAT'D CHOKE A GORILLA!
HIT FOR THE JUNGLE! THE TROUBA-DOUR YOKE UP! ICK!

GREAT GUNS- DA VIGILANTE!
NEVER MIND- I KNOW A WAY TO STOP HIM AND THAT TRICK MOTORCYCLE!

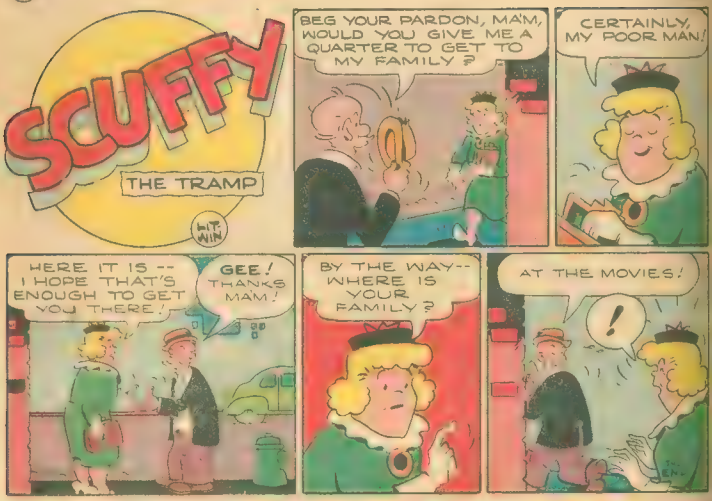
A MOMENT LATER...
THEY TURNED HERE AND- SUFFERING CAESAR— I CAN'T STOP IN TIME!

GRAB HIM WHEN HE LANDS AND PUT HIM IN THE CAR! WE'LL MAKE SURE HE NEVER BOTHERS US AGAIN!

A HYPNOTIC TRANCE IS AN UNPREDICTABLE CONDITION, AND THE SIGHT OF HIS CLOSEST FRIEND IN DISTRESS WORKS A CHANGE IN STUFFI'S MENTAL PROCESSES...
HUH?...MY HEAD'S SPINNIN', AN' I FEEL LIKE I'D BEEN ASLEEP!... AN' WHAT AM I DOIN' UP HERE WHILE THE VIG IS IN TROUBLE?...
I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS HAPPENED, RATS - BUT I'M GOIN' TO PUT A STOP TO IT RIGHT NOW!
LOOK! DA BRAT'S SNAPPED OUTTA IT!
LEAVE HIM TO ME.
I WAS AFRAID IF SOMETHING LIKE THIS! WE'LL HAVE TO RUB HIM OUT, TOO, TO BE SAFE.
FINALLY - REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS...
WHAT-! WHERE AM I?
MY HEAD'S BUSTIN'!
FANGER, THE ANIMAL HYPNOTIST - A TWO-LEGGED WEASEL!
I'M GLAD YOU FINALLY WOKE UP! MY PETS WILL ENJOY YOUR COMPANY SO MUCH BETTER THIS WAY.
YEE-OW-W! A LION WITH A HUNGRY LOOK IN ITS EYE!
ANOTHER ONE!
AND ME WITHOUT MY GUNS OR ROPE! LOOKS LIKE WE'RE GOING TO HAVE QUITE A TUSSLE, PAL!
KRRRCHAW!

STUFF MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN HIS FRIEND BOSCO, THE CHIMPANZEE—BUT BOSCO HAS BY NO MEANS FORGOTTEN THE CHINATOWN KID.
ERRRGH?
DIS IS BETTER'N WATCHIN' A DOGFIGHT.
NICE DODGING, STUFF—BUT WE CAN'T KEEP IT UP FOREVER!
OOPS!.. I'M A GONER!
ROLL OUT OF ITS WAY—FAST.
OH-H-H! NOW I'M GOIN' TO BE RIPPED LIMB FROM LIMB!
RRRRGHHHH!
BACK YOU GO!
NOT IF MY LUCK HOLDS OUT!
A LITTLE SLOW ON THE TRIGGER, AREN'T YOU?
YIPE!
YOUR BOSS NEEDS YOU DOWN BELOW!
WATCH OUT WHAT YOU'RE DOIN, KNUCKLES!
ICK-A-HEE-HEE!

IF THESE CRITTERS EAT TONIGHT, IT'LL BE COLD MEAT—MEANING YOU!
AAA-AA-A!
HIT 'EM AGAIN FOR ME, VIG!
DON'T INTERFERE, VIGILANTE. I'VE GOT TO HYPNOTIZE THESE ANIMALS.
PRRR-RR-RR..
THEY'RE ASLEEP.
AND WHEN THIS WALLOP CONNECTS, YOU'LL MAKE IT UNANIMOUS
ZZZ-ZZZZ
ZZZ-ZZ
PRESENTLY...
WHAT A STUNT-TRAINING ANIMALS TO STEAL FOR THEM AND MAKE THEIR OWN ROBBERIES EASIER!
AND FANGER WASN'T THE ONLY ONE WHO WAS CLEVER.
TOO BAD YOU WEREN'T HERE TO SEE ME LOOK THAT LION IN THE EYE. BOY DID I LET HIM SEE WHO WAS BOSS! ANY TIME A DUMB ANIMAL CAN SCARE ME—
YIIII! HELP!
GREAT SCOTT!
ICK-ICK!
WELL, I'LL BE HANGED, ROMANCE!
GO ON, STUFF—LOOK HIM IN THE EYE! HA! HA!
THE END


SCUFFY
THE TRAMP
BEG YOUR PARDON, MA'M, WOULD YOU GIVE ME A QUARTER TO GET TO MY FAMILY?
CERTAINLY, MY POOR MAN!
HERE IT IS -- I HOPE THAT'S ENOUGH TO GET YOU THERE!
GEE! THANKS MA'M!
BY THE WAY-- WHERE IS YOUR FAMILY?
AT THE MOVIES!
!

Advertisement

IT'S CHEWY... IT'S DELICIOUS... IT'S ONLY A PENNY

FLEER'S DUBBLE BUBBLE GUM

DUBBLE BUBBLE IS THE BERRIES!

LETTUCE GO OUT AND GET SOME. IT'S THE BEST-TASTING CHEWIEST GUM!

DUBBLE BUBBLE BEETS ALL FOR SIZE... AND IT ONLY COSTS A CENT!

I'VE BEAN SAYING THAT ALL THE TIME!

SCENT IS RIGHT. YOU SURE KNOW YOUR ONIONS!

AND I KNOW THAT DUBBLE BUBBLE COMES WRAPPED IN A SHEET OF FUNNIES!

YESSIR, IT'S DOGGONE GOOD GUM!

AND FLEER'S CANDY COATED GUM IS THE CAT'S WHISKERS, TOO!

NOT MUCH AROUND YET, BUT MIGHTY GOOD!

CRIME'S PARTNERS

by Tom Neill

BIG NICK whistled. Once more his eyes scanned the page of social notes. There was no question about it, he decided, here was the chance of a lifetime. A big-time stickup. He reached for the inter-office phone. "Send in Tommy," he told the girl. "And call the rest of the boys."

In a moment, Tommy Gerard came in. To the trade, he was known as Tommy-gun, because of his particular talents with a Thompson sub-machine gun. He was a very valuable aide to Big Nick, especially on hijacking jobs such as stealing truck loads of liquor or sugar. But those things were dead, since rationing had ended. Consequently, Nick had been looking for more fertile fields to conquer. And this job seemed to be the answer.

"Yes, Boss?" Tommy-gun sidled in. He was small and slight, but he sure could handle one of those lead-slinging typewriters.

Big Nick passed over the clipping. Tommy-gun looked at it in wonderment. "I don't get it."

Big Nick grinned. "You will. Those people always carry lots of money and jewels, don't they? Well, suppose you and the boys were to stick up the joint."

Tommy-gun's face lit up. "Boss, you're a genius!" he said, "a true genius! Nobody would ever figure a stickup at a society party for foreign relief. Yes, sir, Boss, you are a genius!" Then he stopped suddenly, worried look.

Big Nick asked. "What's the matter?"

"That new crusading guy, Roberts. He's in society. Suppose he's there? You know you said yourself he was tough, Boss."

Big Nick grimaced. He had forgotten Evan Roberts. The Governor had appointed Roberts special prosecutor, and already he had obtained a couple of convictions. Yes, Tommy-gun had a point. The papers would certainly howl should a place be stuck up where Roberts was present. He pursed his lips. Then he grinned.

Tommy-gun," he said softly, "did Charlie the Gyp open that new gambling joint of his yet?"

Tommy-gun's face widened in a grin. "Yeah, I think he did, Boss. It's over on the North side." He snapped his fingers. "Come to think of it, I saw Charlie today. He asked me to have you call him. Wants you to go into some kind of deal with him."

"He did, eh?" Big Nick reached for a phone.

He winked at Tommy-gun. "Nothing like being on friendly terms with other mobs! Maybe he's home."

Charlie was. He seemed delighted to hear from Big Nick. "I'm glad you called, Nick," he said. "Something I'd like to talk to you about. We got to stick together these days, Big Nick. You know this cookie, Roberts, is really tough. I got a job next week I'd like you and your boys in on. How about it?"

Big Nick's voice was soft as silk. "I'd sure love to, Charlie," he said, "but the boys and I are heading South until this reform heat is off."

You could almost hear Charlie's moan over the phone. "But Nick, this has lots of dough in it! I'm putting in the gambling stuff myself and—"

"Sorry, Charlie," Big Nick said firmly, "but we're retiring from crime for a while."

Tommy-gun blinked as Big Nick hung up the phone. "Hey, what's the matter, Boss? You mean it?"

"Don't be silly!" Big Nick winked again. "But we're going out of town, you and me and the boys." He held up a hand. "Just to make it look good." He made a steeple of his hands, and smiled at Tommy-gun. "It would be terrible, wouldn't it, Tommy-gun, if Charlie the Gyp's place was raided by Roberts the night of the society party?"

"Huh?" Tommy-gun goggled. Then his face broke into a grin. "What a double-cross!" he said. "Boss, you're a genius!"

The other boys thought so, too, when the plan was explained to them. Thus, it came about that on the day of the society party, Big Nick and all but two members of his mob boarded the Florida meteor. They'd be getting off at Newark, but nobody would know that.

There'd be two powerful limousines waiting in Newark, and during that day he and the boys would hide out, wait for evening and the return ride to Long Island, where they'd stage the most sensational holdup of Big Nick's career.

Certainly, Roberts' office suspected nothing when an anonymous caller, who was Tommy-gun, told a startled assistant in the special prosecutor's office: "If your boss wants to knock off a gambling joint, let him raid Charlie the Gyp's new joint on the North Side." Carefully, he gave the address. Then he hung up and departed from the public phone before the call could be traced.

Big Nick howled with glee when Tommy-gun reported back. "That'll keep Roberts busy. In the meantime, we'll get our job done."

Promptly at ten o'clock that night the two black limousines slipped into parking spaces in front of the Wheaton mansion where the society affair was being held. It was a beautiful summer night, but Big Nick was in no mood for beauty. He believed in doing everything according to schedule. And this job should take no more than fifteen minutes. Like a general, he assigned his men to their posts. Then he felt in his pocket for the special policeman's badge he had bought in a pawnshop.

"Police," he said gruffly to the startled butler. "Just looking things over."

"Yes, sir," said the butler. He was so flustered he almost dropped the invitations he was collecting.

Casually, Big Nick strolled to the huge ballroom, whistling softly to himself. What a crowd! And what jewels they were wearing! Out of the corner of his eye he saw Tommy-gun at one of the French windows. There was a reassuring bulge beneath Tommy-gun's coat. Then, Big Nick stiffened as somebody said, "Hey, Nick, what are you doing here?"

He whirled. Charlie the Gyp! The latter's eyes were suspicious, hostile, worried. Into Big Nick's mind flashed the thought, not of the double-cross he had handed Charlie, but something else: Charlie the Gyp was set to rob this place, too!

Big Nick's pocket swung against Charlie's side. "Don't make a move, Charlie," he said, "unless you want me to blast you."

Charlie's face went white. "What is this, Nick? I—I—"

Then it was his turn to gasp. In response to Big Nick's signal, the mob came in—his, Charlie's mob! They all carried Tommy-guns. And it was Tommy-gun, himself, on the bandstand, speaking through the mike, who commanded things! "Nobody move," Tommy-gun said, "and nobody gets hurt! Just file by and drop your valuables in these bags!"

Big Nick grinned at the white-faced Charlie the Gyp. "We sort of ruined your play, didn't we, Charlie?"

The latter moistened his parched lips. "But Nick, I didn't—"

"Can it!" Big Nick said curtly. "And watch a real mob at work."

It was over in fifteen minutes, just as Big Nick had figured it would be. The mob backed out the door, and with them was Charlie the Gyp. Big Nick had decided to take him along.

Suddenly, there were three sharp barks of an automobile horn. The signal that cops were around.

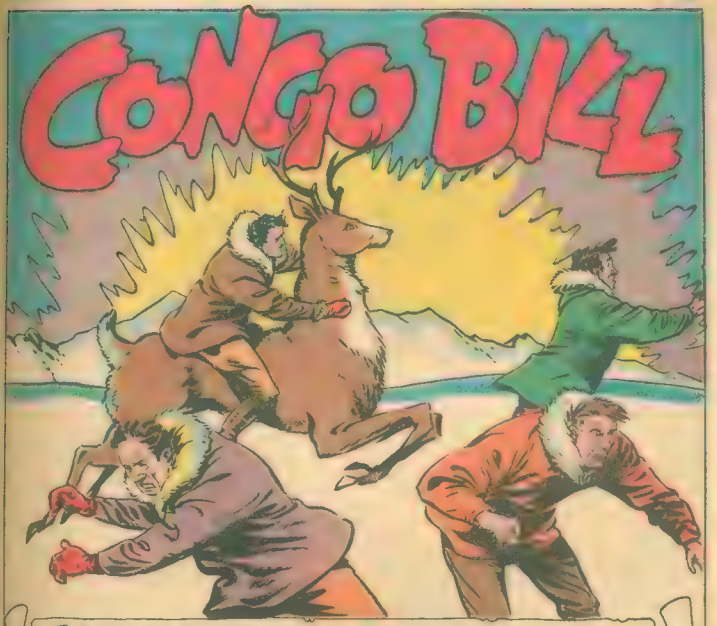
Big Nick turned, on his way toward the front entrance. He dropped his gun. A phalanx of policemen, holding sub-machine guns and tear gas rifles were pointing them straight at his mob. And at the head of the police was the hated Evan Roberts, the special prosecutor!

Roberts smiled. "Well, this is a lucky night for me after all," he said. He looked at Charlie the Gyp. "That was almost smart of you, Charlie, getting me to pull a raid at your new gambling place," he grinned, "when all the time I knew you moved your equipment upstairs here for tonight's party. That's why I came here for my raid."

He stared at Big Nick, then said crossly. "But what I can't figure out, Big Nick, is how you come to be hooked up with Charlie the Gyp. I thought you two were rival mobsters."

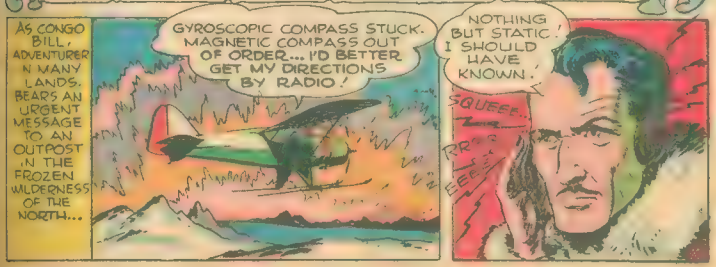
Charlie the Gyp looked happily at Big Nick. A policeman was snapping the cuffs on him. "Oh," he said, "we were almost partners once. But Big Nick was too busy for me to tell him I was invited to put my gambling equipment in here, for a good cause!" He waggled a finger at Roberts. "And you couldn't raid me anyway, Mr. Roberts," he chided. "They're only giving away presents!"

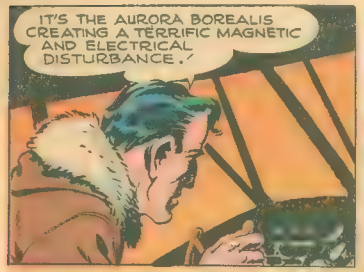
CONGO BILL

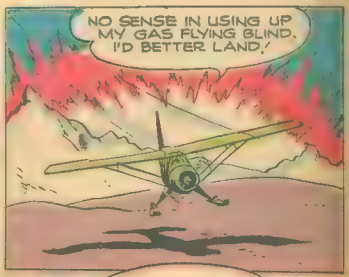


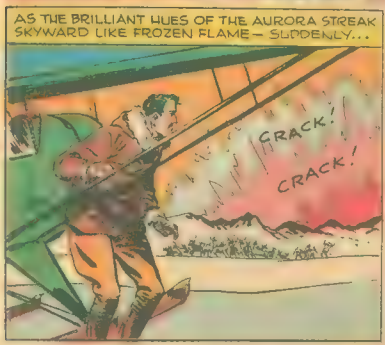
FAR FROM HIS FAVORITE JUNGLE HAUNTS, CONGO BILL RUNS INTO TROUBLE IN THE WASTES OF THE FROZEN NORTH! AND BENEATH THE LURID LIGHT OF A GLITTERING AURORA, THE GLOBE-TROTTING ADVENTURER FACES A CHILLING FATE AT THE HANDS OF ROGUES WHO WOULD EVEN ROB SANTA CLAUS...

"THE Reindeer Racketeers!"

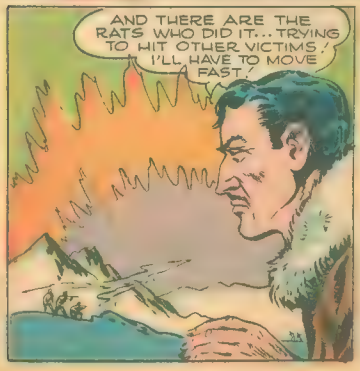

AS CONGO BILL, ADVENTURER IN MANY LANDS, BEARS AN URGENT MESSAGE TO AN OUTPOST IN THE FROZEN WILDERNESS OF THE NORTH...
GYROSCOPIC COMPASS STUCK. MAGNETIC COMPASS OUT OF ORDER... I'D BETTER GET MY DIRECTIONS BY RADIO!
NOTHING BUT STATIC! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.
SQUEEE...
RRRRRRRRRR
EEEEE

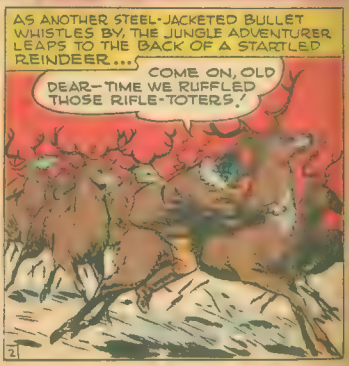

IT'S THE AURORA BOREALIS CREATING A TERRIFIC MAGNETIC AND ELECTRICAL DISTURBANCE.!


NO SENSE IN USING UP MY GAS FLYING BLIND. I'D BETTER LAND.!


AS THE BRILLIANT HUES OF THE AURORA STREAK SKYWARD LIKE FROZEN FLAME— SUDDENLY...
CRACK!
CRACK!

THAT ESKIMO ON THE GROUND... HE'S BEEN SHOT.!


AND THERE ARE THE RATS WHO DID IT... TRYING TO HIT OTHER VICTIMS! I'LL HAVE TO MOVE FAST!


AS ANOTHER STEEL-JACKETED BULLET WHISTLES BY, THE JUNGLE ADVENTURER LEAPS TO THE BACK OF A STARTLED REINDEER...
COME ON, OLD DEAR— TIME WE RUFFLED THOSE RIFLE-TOTERS.!

THE REST OF THE HERD KEEPS PACE WITH THE RACING HERD LEADER!
YIII! IT'S A STAMPEDE! WE BETTER GET OUT OF HERE!
RIGHT YOU ARE, YUKON PETE!
OH, OH... A CREVICE IN THE ICE! WHOA!
GOOD THING THE BRAKES HOLD— BUT I'M AFRAID THOSE MUGS ARE GETTING AWAY!
YES, THE CRIMINALS HAVE MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE, SO CONGO BILL RETRACES HIS STEPS...
A BAD HEAD WOUND. BUT HE'S GOT A CHANCE IF I WORK FAST.
PRESENTLY... THAT TAKES CARE OF THE BLEEDING, AND WITH SULFA FROM MY FIRST AID KIT TO GUARD AGAINST INFECTION, HE'LL SOON BE ON THE WAY TO RECOVERY.
YOU GOOD MAN, CONGO BILL.
TOO BAD YOU NO HAVE GUN TO SHOOT BAD ONES WHO TRY TO KILL US AND STEAL TRIBE'S REINDEER HERD.
SO THAT'S WHAT THEY'RE AFTER, IS IT? HMM, THAT HERD MUST CONTAIN AT LEAST 1000 ANIMALS... IT'S WORTH PLENTY...
WHICH MEANS THAT THEY'RE SURE TO MAKE ANOTHER TRY FOR IT... WE'D BETTER BE ON THE ALERT.
3

BUT CONGO BILL RECKONS WITHOUT THE TREACHEROUS ICE OF THE NORTHLAND. SUDDENLY...
THE ICE IS SPLITTING!
CR'RACK!
BRRR... I DIDN'T REALIZE WE WERE ON A GIANT ICE FLOE. I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE I FREEZE TO DEATH!
M-MY H-HANDS ARE NUMB ALREADY... G-GOT TO GET OUT... HELP THE OTHERS...
UNEXPECTEDLY...
YOUR HANDS AIN'T THE ONLY THINGS THAT ARE GONNA GET NUMB, CONGO BILL!
YEAH, YOUR HEAD'S GONNA BE A GOOD MATCH FOR THEM!
AAAA...
IT'S INSIDE THE IGLOO FOR YOU, CONGO BILL. GET GOING!
THAT SAUCER... LOOKS LIKE WHALE BLUBBER IN IT!
THAT'S WHAT IT IS, YOU INTERFERING, YOUNG FOOL!
IT'LL KEEP YOU ALIVE A FEW HOURS. AFTER THAT YOU'LL STARVE... IF YOU DON'T SMOTHER FIRST FOR LACK OF AIR! WE'RE GONNA SEAL YOU IN!
4

YOU CAN'T DO THAT—IT WOULD BE MURDER!
HA, HA, HE CATCHES ON QUICK, DON'T HE, YUKON?
HE SURE DOES! BUT THE ALASKA POLICE WON'T!
COME SPRING, WHEN THE ICE MELTS, THEY'LL FIND YOUR BODY—AND IT'LL SHOW ONLY THAT YOU DIED OF STARVATION!
GET BACK IN THERE! SEAL IT UP, BOYS! THEN WE'LL GO TAKE CARE OF THOSE ESKIMOS!
IN A FEW MINUTES THIS BLOCK WILL BE FROZEN TIGHT TO THE OTHERS!
WE'LL WAIT, JUST TO MAKE SURE!
LET ME OUT!
HE'S GOT NO KNIFE OR ANYTHING HE COULD USE TO CUT HIS WAY OUT—I MADE SURE OF THAT! LET'S GO!
KNOCK! KNOCK!
WE GONNA TAKE HIS PLANE, YUKON?
YEAH, WE CAN KILL ALL THE ESKIMOS IN AN HOUR, SHOOTIN' FROM THE PLANE!
MEANWHILE, AS THE CRUNCH OF FOOTSTEPS DIES AWAY OUTSIDE...
ICE TOO THICK TO BREAK... NOTHING TO CUT WITH...THEY THOUGHT OF EVERYTHING... EXCEPT THIS —
WHILE I PRETENDED TO BEG FOR MY LIFE, I SMEARED WHALE BLUBBER ON THE SIDES OF THE OPENING. GREASED PIECES OF ICE CAN'T FREEZE TOGETHER!
5

AND NOW, AS THE STOLEN AIRCRAFT RISES SLOWLY IN THE AIR...
THINK THEY'LL GET AWAY WITH USING MY PLANE, DO THEY? I'LL SHOW THEM A THING OR TWO!
MY WEIGHT'S JUST ENOUGH TO BEAR THE PLANE DOWN AND THROW IT OFF BALANCE...
THEN, A QUICK RELEASE, AND...
PRETTY SHORT FLIGHT, THAT WAS!
CRASH
THE CRASHED, DAZED TRIO IS ROUNDED UP..
GOOD BYE. CONGO BILL.. THANKS MUCH FOR HELP.
SO LONG, EVERYBODY. AND THANK YOU... THIS TIME I DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT MY COMPASS GOING WRONG.
THE END

SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

EM PIDM VWB EWV EWZTL EIZ BEW CVTMAA BPMZM QA VW EWZTL EIZ BPZMM!

SUPERMAN, JUNE
c/o ACTION COMICS,
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.

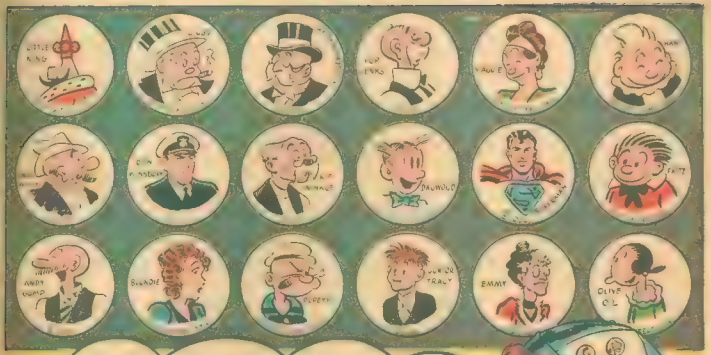
Dear Superman

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to receive my Membership Certificate, Emblem and Superman Code.

NAME . . . . . AGE .

STREET ADDRESS . . . . . .

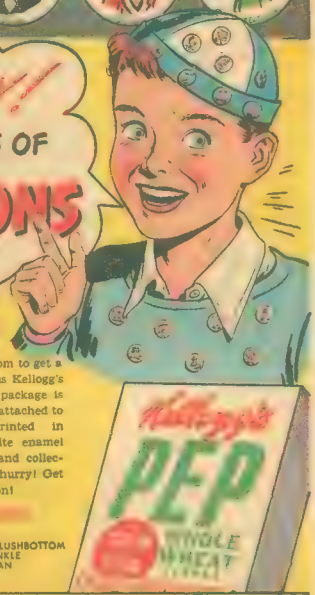
CITY . . . . . ZONE . . STATE . . . .



HURRY! HURRY!

START YOUR NEW SERIES OF

COMIC BUTTONS



Get a Funny-Paper Character As A [illegible] In Every Package OF [illegible]

They're terrific! An entirely new series of swell prizes! Color portraits of your favorites on real metal pin-on buttons! Fun to swap, collect, and pin on your jacket, sweater, and beanie!

Be the first to own a complete set of 18 buttons!

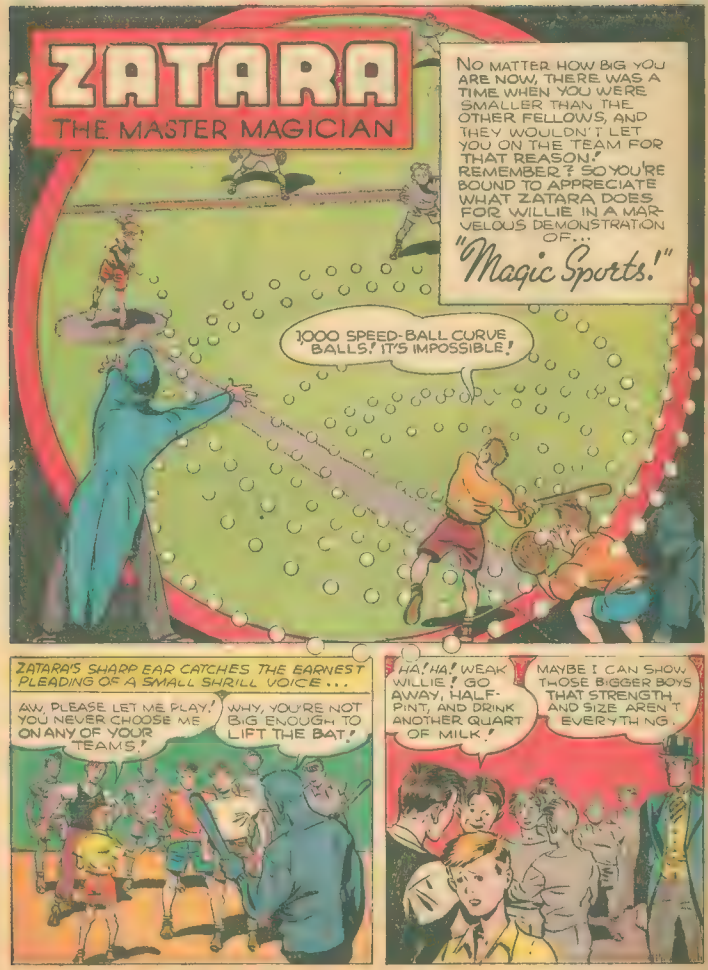
All you do is ask your Mom to get a package of super-delicious Kellogg's PEP. And there in the package is your prize comic button, attached to cardboard. They're printed in bright colors on a white enamel background. What a grand collection they make! Hurry, hurry! Get started on *your* collection!

DAGWOOD, BLONDIE, JIGGS, HANS
FRITZ, MAGGIE, POPEYE, OLIVE OYL, LITTLE KING
POP JENKS, JUNIOR TRACY, ANDY GUMP, DON WINSLOW, UNCLE WILLIE
EMMY, LORD PLUSHBOTTOM, RIP WINKLE, SUPERMAN

LISTEN TO

SUPERMAN

Tune in every day, Monday through Friday, and follow the exciting adventures of Superman. See your local paper for time and station.


ZATARA
THE MASTER MAGICIAN
NO MATTER HOW BIG YOU ARE NOW, THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOU WERE SMALLER THAN THE OTHER FELLOWS, AND THEY WOULDN'T LET YOU ON THE TEAM FOR THAT REASON! REMEMBER? SO YOU'RE BOUND TO APPRECIATE WHAT ZATARA DOES FOR WILLIE IN A MARVELOUS DEMONSTRATION OF...
"Magic Sports!"
1,000 SPEED-BALL CURVE BALLS! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
ZATARA'S SHARP EAR CATCHES THE EARNEST PLEADING OF A SMALL SHRILL VOICE...
AW, PLEASE LET ME PLAY! YOU NEVER CHOOSE ME ON ANY OF YOUR TEAMS!
WHY, YOU'RE NOT BIG ENOUGH TO LIFT THE BAT!
HA! HA! WEAK WILLIE! GO AWAY, HALF-PINT, AND DRINK ANOTHER QUART OF MILK!
MAYBE I CAN SHOW THOSE BIGGER BOYS THAT STRENGTH AND SIZE AREN'T EVERYTHING!

TEL EILLIW EB NESOHC! ARATAZ EB ELBISIVNI.*
WAIT A MINUTE! I'M GETTING AN IDEA.
*READ ZATARA'S MAGIC WORDS BACKWARDS
GOSH, MAYBE I'VE GOT A SOFT SPOT IN MY HEART... OR MY HEAD... BUT I'LL TAKE WILLIE ON MY TEAM.
HOORAY!
UNNOTICED, THE MAGICIAN WHISPERS TO THE EAGER BOY...
NOW I'VE GOT TO PLAY GOOD! I'VE JUST GOT TO!
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, WILL! I'LL BE AT YOUR SIDE.
SHHH! ACT AS USUAL, AND PERHAPS THEY WON'T NOTICE ME. I'LL BE YOUR MASCOT.
WHY, IT'S ZATARA!
YOU PLAY LEFT FIELD, AND I'LL CATCH AND... AND...
TEL EILLIW HCTIP!
AND I THINK WILLIE OUGHT TO PITCH!
WHAT! WE'LL SURELY LOSE NOW!
THIS WILL BE A HOMER AT LEAST! FEED IT TO ME, WEAK WILLIE!
OH, ZATARA! I REALLY NEED YOUR HELP NOW!
2

AND UNDER ZATARA'S EXPERT GUIDANCE...
YOU'VE GOT LONG FINGERS AND GOOD BALANCE. JUST DO THIS AND FLIP IT.
AT LEAST I'LL TRY! I'VE PRACTICED BY MYSELF A LOT.
WELL, COME ON AND PITCH IT, WEAK WILLIE!
ZOWIE! WHAT A FAST BALL!
STRIKE!
WHAT? I DIDN'T EVEN SEE IT!
WELL, LOOK AT IT NOW! THAT'S STRIKE ONE!
NOW TO TOSS A CURVE, YOU HOLD YOUR FINGERS LIKE THIS.
AND SNAP MY WRIST. I GET IT.
I'LL CLOUT THIS ONE!
MAYBE HE DOESN'T NEED MY POWERS OF ILLUSION, BUT LLAB EVRUC!
OOHH! I'M DIZZY FROM JUST WATCHING!
A TRIPLE-DOUBLE CURVE! AND IT LANDED IN MY MITT!

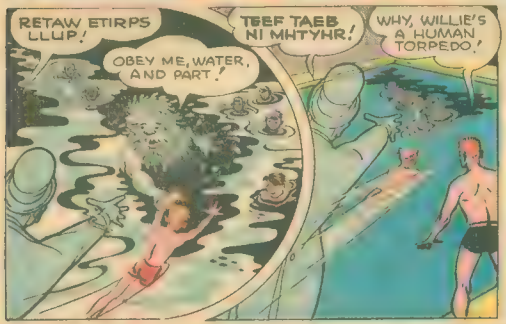
AND SO THE SIDE IS RETIRED WITH THREE STRAIGHT STRIKEOUTS!
YOU WERE GREAT!
OH, YEAH? BUT CAN HE HIT?
YOU'RE UP FIRST, WILLIE!
AND HE'LL BE THE FIRST OUT!
BALANCE YOUR WEIGHT AND FOLLOW THROUGH ON THE SWING!
I'LL DO ANYTHING ZATARA SAYS!
HA, HA! THAT'LL BE STRIKE ONE!
HE LEARNS FAST AND HE'S GOT PERFECT BALANCE. KCOS T!
I HIT, T.
RUN, WILLIE, RUN!
NO NEED TO SPRINT. GOSH, THAT'S THE LONGEST CLOUT I EVER SAW.
SUCH SMOOTH COORDINATION. THIS BOY'S A NATURAL ATHLETE.
HOW DO YOU GRIP YOUR BAT? WON'T YOU GIVE ME SOME POINTERS?
YOU CAN BE OUR CAPTAIN, AND MASCOT AND COACH, TOO!
4

AS "WEAK" WILLIE PITCHES A PERFECT NO HIT, NO-RUN GAME HIS TEAM WINS BY 32 TO 0.
WE'LL CALL HIM "WALLOPING" WILLIE, FROM NOW ON!
LET'S DO SOME SPRING FOOTBALL PRACTICE! HE WON'T BE SO GOOD AT THAT.
YOU CAN PLAY QUARTERBACK WILLIE.
SURE, AND WE'LL POWERHOUSE HIM FLAT.
I'VE READ A LOT ABOUT FOOTBALL STRATEGY, ZATARA, BUT I'M SO LIGHT.
DON'T BE DISCOURAGED. WEIGHT AND SIZE AREN'T EVERYTHING.
NOTICE THAT LINEUP? FIGURE IT OUT.
IT MUST BE A FORWARD PASS. AND IF I'M FAST ENOUGH...
I INTERCEPTED IT.
NOW JUST SWING TO THE LEFT.
THEN DODGE BACK.
OF COURSE, ZATARA. YOU WANT ME TO REVERSE MY FIELD.
HE REALLY DOESN'T NEED MY HELP AT RUNNING.
TOUCHDOWN! TOUCHDOWN!

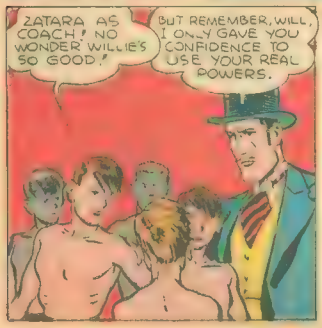
WE'LL GET HIM NOW!
TRY A SURPRISE DROP-KICK FOR THAT EXTRA POINT.
TOOF KCIK TSAF!
HUH-?
PMUJ HGIH DNA ENIL PLEH!
OOOFF! MISSED HIM!
I'M HOT! LET'S GO FOR A SWIM!
OH-OH! AND I'VE ALWAYS BEEN AFRAID OF THE WATER.
BE CONFIDENT. I'LL HELP OVERCOME YOUR FEARS.
I'LL TRUST YOU COMPLETELY, ZATARA.
SWIMMING POOL
LAST ONE IN IS A SISSY!
NOW DO AS I SAID AND TRY THAT DIVING BOARD.
STEP AND ANOTHER STEP ? AND THEN SPRING?
THAT'S IT. NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS.
6

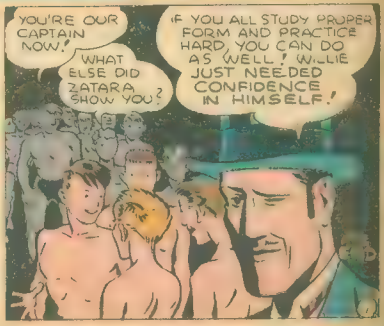
HE'S DIVING! AND I THOUGHT HE COULDN'T SWIM!
EVAH ON RAEF! LRIHW!

DRAOB PLEH S'LLIW EVID!
A TRIPLE SOMER-SAULT!
GLAD TO, ZATARA!


RETAW ETIRPS LLUP!
OBEY ME, WATER, AND PART!
TEEF TAEB NI MHTYHR!
WHY, WILLIE'S A HUMAN TORPEDO!

WOULD YOU COACH ME, WILLIE, HUH?
WELL, IF ZATARA WOULD AGREE. HE S... AHEM.. BEEN MY TEACHER.

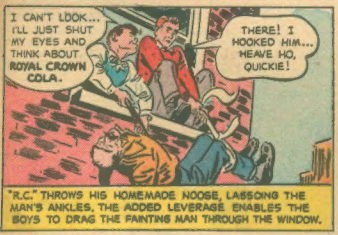

ZATARA AS COACH! NO WONDER WILLIE'S SO GOOD!
BUT REMEMBER, WILL, I ONLY GAVE YOU CONFIDENCE TO USE YOUR REAL POWERS.

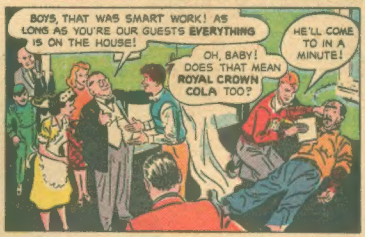

YOU'RE OUR CAPTAIN NOW!
WHAT ELSE DID ZATARA SHOW YOU?
IF YOU ALL STUDY PROPER FORM AND PRACTICE HARD, YOU CAN DO AS WELL! WILLIE JUST NEEDED CONFIDENCE IN HIMSELF!

Advertisement

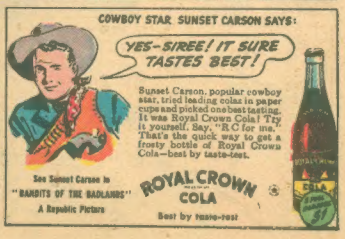
ADVENTURES OF "R.C." AND QUICKIE

DRAMA ABOVE THE STREETS!
A FOOTBALL WEEK-END IN THE BIG CITY...A SWELL HOTEL! WHO COULD ASK FOR MORE, QUICKIE?
I COULD, "R.C."! A FROSTY BOTTLE OF ROYAL CROWN COLA.


I CAN'T LOOK... I'LL JUST SHUT MY EYES AND THINK ABOUT ROYAL CROWN COLA.
THERE! I HOOKED HIM... HEAVE HO, QUICKIE!
"R.C." THROWS HIS HOMEMADE NOOSE, LASSOING THE MAN'S ANKLES. THE ADDED LEVERAGE ENABLES THE BOYS TO DRAG THE FAINTING MAN THROUGH THE WINDOW.


BOYS, THAT WAS SMART WORK! AS LONG AS YOU'RE OUR GUESTS EVERYTHING IS ON THE HOUSE!
OH, BABY! DOES THAT MEAN ROYAL CROWN COLA TOO?
HE'LL COME TO IN A MINUTE!

BR-R-R! AND SOCH A CLOSE CALL I HAVE! TANKS VER MOCH, FELLAS!
FORGET IT, MISTER. HAVE SOME ROYAL CROWN COLA! IT'S A GREAT QUICK-UP!
YES, SIR! AND IT'S THE ONLY COLA THAT'S BEST BY TASTE-TEST!


COWBOY STAR SUNSET CARSON SAYS:
YES-SIREE! IT SURE TASTES BEST!
Sunset Carson, popular cowboy star, tried leading colas in paper cups and picked one best tasting. It was Royal Crown Cola! Try it yourself. Say, "R C for me." That's the quick way to get a frosty bottle of Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test.
See Sunset Carson in "BANDITS OF THE BADLANDS" A Republic Picture
ROYAL CROWN COLA
Best by taste-test

HOW THOM McAN SAVED THE DOOMED BALLOON!

WITH HIS MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES"

STRATOSPHERE BALLOON IN DISTRESS! TWO SCIENTISTS FACE DEATH AS THEIR BALLOON FALLS TOWARDS A BOILING MEXICAN VOLCANO!

SINKING RAPIDLY. CAN ALREADY FEEL HEAT OF VOLCANO. ONLY A FEW MORE MINUTES AND THEN ...WE'RE LOST!

2,000 MILES AWAY!

LOST, EH? NOT WHILE I HAVE MY "BAZOOKA-SHOES"! QUICK, "H," HELP ME PUT THEM ON. I'VE GOT TO TRAVEL!

2,000 MILES IN 2 MINUTES! CAN THOM DO IT? JUST WATCH!

BAZOO-OO-OOKA!

BOY, YOU SAVED OUR LIVES...AND PRECIOUS SCIENTIFIC RECORDS!! NOW CAN YOU FLY TO THE NEAREST TOWN?

NO. MY MAGIC "BAZOOKA-SHOES" ARE ONLY GOOD WHEN THERE'S DANGER. BUT MY EVERYDAY THOM McAN SHOES ARE GOOD ALL THE TIME. I'LL CHANGE TO THEM AND WALK.

GOLLY, YOU MUST WEAR THOM McANS, TOO!

INDEED, WE SCIENTISTS ARE VERY PARTICULAR ABOUT EVERYTHING--EVEN THE SHOES WE WEAR. AND WE FIND THOM McANS BETTER SHOES FOR LESS MONEY.

AH! A TOWN! THAT DIDN'T TAKE LONG.

SURE, THE MILES ALWAYS SEEM TO FLY WHEN YOU'RE WEARING THOM McANS!

MOST OF OUR FOLKS ARE ALREADY "SOLD" ON THIS FAMILIAR STORE WITH THE WHITE FRONT. BUT DON'T TAKE ANY CHANCES. NEXT TIME YOU NEED SHOES, TELL YOUR FOLKS YOU WANT THE GANG'S ALL-TIME FAVORITE...THOM McANS!

Thom McAn

WHY DOES "H" NEVER SPEAK? BECAUSE HE'S LIKE THE "H" IN THOM McAN--ALWAYS SILENT! (THE "H" IS SILENT, BUT THE VALUE SHOUTS OUT LOUD!)

Thom McAn

OVER 500 STORES—IN OVER 300 CITIES

Smart Saddle Leather ZIPPER Billfold!

Only $2.98

Men, Here's The Most Beautiful Billfold You've Ever Seen at this Low Price.

You've never known real Billfold satisfaction until you've used this "Zip-All-Around" De Luxe Pass Case Billfold with its Built-In Change Purse, its roomy Currency Compartment, its Secret Pocket for extra valuables. A veritable storehouse for everything a man likes to carry with him. Exterior is of smart Saddle Leather designed in picturesque style of the West. Two-tone illustrations are stamped by hand right into the leather itself. A Billfold of unusual beauty with many unusual and serviceable features. An outstanding value at only $2.98 plus tax. SEND NO MONEY. Just mail coupon and pay postman on arrival. If not thrilled and delighted return in 10 days for full refund.

Send No Money RUSH THIS COUPON

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 9129-B
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

☐ Please rush me "Smart Saddle Leather Zipper Pass Case Billfold" with Built-in Change Purse. On arrival I will pay postman only $2.98 plus 20% Federal Tax and few cents postage and C.O.D. charges. It is understood that if I am not positively thrilled and delighted in every way I can return the billfold within 10 days for full refund.

MY FULL NAME ..... (PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY)

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

☐ To save shipping charges I am enclosing in advance $2.99 plus 20% Federal Excise tax (total $3.58).

Please ship my Billfold order all postage charges prepaid.

BOYS! MEN! PLASTIC COMPASS $1.98

FOR BOY SCOUTS

FOR CAMPING

FOR HUNTING

New UNBREAKABLE, Wrist Watch Type Liquid Compass With Luminous Dial

Here's the compass all America has been waiting for. It's similar in construction to the liquid type Airplane and pocket compass used by the U. S. Air Corps. What a compass this is! It's shock-proof! Water-proof! Precision perfect! Made to give superior performance under any and all climatic conditions. Will not freeze at even 40° below zero. Works perfectly under a blazing sun. The ideal compass for everyone—Boy Scouts, hunters, fishermen, hikers, campers, motorists, and all sports lovers. This newest, wrist watch style, luminous, Plastic Compass, sealed air-tight in liquid, is ready to accurately direct your movements all hours of the day or night. Unfailing and unbreakable. Think of it! You can own this remarkable compass for the sensational low price of only $1.98, complete with smartly styled wristband.

Here Are the Features Which Make This "America's Greatest Compass Buy"

- Latest Type Plastic Case
- Luminous "See in the Dark" Dial
- Shatterproof, Shock-proof, Water-proof Construction
- Shows Degrees in all Directions
- Airplane-Type "Sealed in Liquid" Unbreakable Compass
- Withstands heat—will not freeze
- Newest Wrist Watch-Style Design

EXAMINE FOR 10 DAYS AT OUR RISK

Take this Plastic Compass with you when you go on hikes, on camping or fishing trips, on hunting or boating excursions, bicycling, or horseback riding. You'll find there's nothing as important and useful to you as a good compass when you need it. At this low price, every man and boy should have this remarkable Compass. SEND NO MONEY! Just rush your order on the coupon below. Upon arrival, pay postman only $1.98 C. O. D. plus few cents postage charge on our no-risk money-back-guarantee. If not thrilled and delighted with the way it looks and performs, return the compass within 10 days and we'll refund your money in full.

SEND NO MONEY—RUSH THIS COUPON!

ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART, Dept. 246-B
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago 10, Ill.

Gentlemen: Rush me the Wrist Watch-Type PLASTIC COMPASS as described above on Postal's no-risk 10 day Money Back Guarantee Offer. I will pay postman only $1.98 plus postage on arrival with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I can return it within 10 days for full refund.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY ..... STATE .....

☐ I enclose $1.98 in advance with my order. Send the Plastic Compass to me all postage charges prepaid.

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For a time, you had to *take* whatever flashlight batteries you could *get!*

But that time has passed. "Eveready" Flashlight Batteries are back. Ask for them at your dealer's.

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"I'm afraid he isn't quite reconverted yet!"

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